

noticed the lady and the child, but thinking they were mere idle sightseers, gave them no further thought till, on turning to leave the church after having finished his devotion, he saw them still kneeling there, for Mrs. Layton had lingered, longing to seek advice from the minister of God, yet unwilling to approach him without some pretext for so doing.

Father Conrad must have read this desire in her eyes, for he approached her and asked kindly: "Madame, are you waiting to speak to me?"

"Not exactly, sir," Mrs. Layton replied. "But oh! if I might," she added, earnestly.

"Follow me, madame," whispered Father Conrad, and he led the way to the sacristy.

The result of the conversation which followed was that Mrs. Layton and little John went daily thereafter to receive instruction in the doctrines of the Catholic faith, and before Advent came again they were admitted to membership with the poor of Jesus Christ. Many and bitter were the taunts Mrs. Layton had to endure from her family and friends, but she met every attack with cheerful gaiety, flavored occasionally with a little spice of witty sarcasm.

In her search after truth Mrs. Layton had passed successively from one to another of the various sects which claim to possess the true belief. This had given rise to much raillery in the family circle.

Hearing of her conversion to Catholicism, her brother remarked, cynically: "Well, Alice, I did hope you'd get into a respectable crowd in your next change of religion, but, by George, this last move is the worst yet."

"It is simply disgraceful," chimed in his cousin Rachel, who had come expressly to give Mrs. Layton a piece of her mind on the subject. She continued: "How in the world, Alice, can you tolerate those rough people with the smell

of the shops upon them always. Ugh!" she said, with a little shiver of disgust, "I can smell a mechanic through a brick wall."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Layton, with a mischievous smile, "perhaps one can account for that. There may be a remnant of the mechanic in your system—a legacy from our ancestors—and familiar contact makes your scent keen to detect the odor in others. But let me tell you, Cousin Rachel, if you have the good luck to get to heaven, it is just such people you will find yourself elbowing there."

There was too much truth in this reply, and it silenced haughty Cousin Rachel, for she did not relish being reminded of her plebian ancestry.

A few years later, to the still greater horror of her friends, Mrs. Layton, who was still quite young, entered a religious order, where she spent a long and useful life.

In speaking of her conversion she was wont to say: "Easter of 1865 was for me, indeed, a day of Resurrection."

John was placed at a college in the neighborhood of the convent where his mother dwelt, and later on he entered a seminary to study for the priesthood. He had almost completed the course, and was looking forward to the day of ordination, when he fell into a decline and died, as he pathetically expressed it, "In sight of the promised land."

—D. S. B. in *The Young Catholic Messenger*.

An Appeal in Behalf of the Negro and Indian Missions in the United States.

Dear Fathers and Brothers in our Lord:

The needs of our Negro and Indian missions urged us last year to address you a special appeal. To see that, notwithstanding the financial embarrassment felt throughout the land, the collection for 1896 shows an increase over those of the three preceding years, is truly gratifying to all who take interest in this work.